

## THE FACTORY LASSES

SKETCHES OF THEIR LIVES IN THE GREAT LANCASHIRE MILLS.

Provisions Made by the Oxford Factory Owners for the Recreation of Their Employees—How the Girls Dress and Conduct Themselves.

For the recreation of their hands mills have no provision whatever—as a rule, that is. There are a few exceptions, and only a few. Unique certainly are the Oxford mills at Ashton-under-Lyne, in connection with which the late Mr. Hugh Mason founded a little colony. For outdoor sports there is a large play ground, with swings, etc., and a bowling green attached. When the weather is unfavorable the hands can go to the recreation room. On the ground floor of these is a reading room liberally supplied with newspapers and periodicals, and having a library of 700 volumes.

A coffee room leads off it, and from that again the baths are reached. Up stairs is a large lecture room fitted with desks and with a platform at the end. Busts of great men are on pedestals round the walls. Scott and Burns are in a niche together, as is sitting, and near them are Homer, Shakespeare, Dante and Milton. Michael Angelo looks at Raphael, Bright and Cobden. Newton and Watt, Franklin and Washington—all are there; and at intervals there are also hung portraits of inventors and improvers of cotton machinery. In connection with these rooms there is a good brass band. Sewing and other classes, too, are held, while during the winter months concerts and lectures are of frequent occurrence. Of all this it should be noted Messrs. Thomas Mason & Son defray the expenses.

From other portions of the district we take the following. The secretary of a cotton operative spinners' association is stated to have said:

"Any girl who wants work can have it in the mills. That labor market is never overstocked. At the present time, particularly in the spinning department, some firms are short-handed. Nowadays many girls in Manchester do not care to go into the mills; they would rather work in the warehouses and shops."

"There has been an improvement in the lot of the factory workers," asked the interviewer.

"Yes," replied the secretary, "in every way: wages are higher, hours shorter. But, mind you, hands have to work harder while they are at it, because the machinery runs faster and they have to look after more of it. Why, in my young days a weaver tended only two looms, now she tends four."

Throstle spinners, the writer adds, work with as little clothing as possible and generally in their bare feet, though some wear slippers. Cardroom hands wear straight pinnafores, cut away at the neck and with short sleeves. The distinctive parts of the mill girl's dress are clogs on the feet and a small shawl—"handkerchief," they are called—on the shoulders.

Weavers, though there is nothing peculiar about their dress, can generally be distinguished from other factory girls. They have a personal trade mark—their front teeth are often bad, and besides many of them have at times a peculiar gesture. Drawing in the breath to suck weft through a shuttle causes the teeth to decay. The mannerism is similarly explained.

In a weaving shed the noise is deafening. You cannot hear your own voice. So the weavers attract one another's attention by a shrill "Whoo!" and converse by means of signs and by watching the movements of the lips. They are so proficient in labiomancy that they can follow a private conversation anywhere if they can see the speakers' faces. This circumstance explains a common observation that is otherwise enigmatical. "Mind what that's sayin'" one gossip will remark to another, glancing suspiciously at the object of their talk. "Oo's a wayver."

Some mill girls never do any housework; their ignorance in which branch of female education is consequently colossal. Hundreds cannot make a pudding or a pie for the life of them, and the writer has heard of a lass putting a rabbit in a dish whole and making a crust for it with suet. There are factory girls on the other hand—and these are in the majority—who take their full share of cleaning, cooking, needlework, etc.

As a rule, too, the lasses are in every way respectable. When a factory lass and her sweetheart go off on a trip or take a week at Blackpool or Southport or the Isle of Man, as often as not she pays the expenses. She it is who in due course buys the furniture—aye, and perhaps the ring and all the rest. Whether she will stand treat in this or not, the four loom weaver need never remain single. Among factory girls she corresponds to the heiress of ordinary life, and as such has no difficulty in obtaining a husband.

When offspring become old enough they are sent to the mill, as their parents were before them. The typical Lancashire woman does not like the idea of their aiming higher. As they soon receive good wages their parents are rapidly placed in comfortable circumstances—more comfortable than they ever knew perhaps. This state is the factory operatives' summum bonum—the position beyond which he or she very rarely goes.—*Cassell's Journal.*

He Was a Founder.

The millionaire was desirous of employing a slagger to protect him from dangerous visitors, and a big two-fisted fellow applied for the place.

"How much will you charge for your services?" inquired the cautious millionaire.

"Aw, I don't know," said the slagger carelessly. "About fifty dollars a pound, I guess."

The millionaire looked at the applicant's knotted muscles and heavy hands and concluded that the figures were not too high.—*Detroit Free Press.*

## To Dissolve Bones.

Although bones can be reduced to plant food by an easy and simple process, and when done make one of the most valuable of all fertilizers, yet of all matter on the farm none is more neglected. Bones whole are not available food for plants; therefore the farmer takes no interest in them as a means of plant food and they are suffered to lie about the farm unnoticed. I have practiced dissolving bones in ashes for many years. I collect all the bones, large and small, all beef and hog bones, at killing time.

When winter comes and I am burning good wood I put in a box or barrel a layer of ashes some two or three inches deep, then a layer of bones (you can break them with an ax if you wish—I never do), and then another of ashes and then of bones until the vessel is nearly full, then fill with ashes. I now keep this wet with water, being careful not to put enough to leak through. I use soap suds as much as I can, as it is better. I am careful not to let this mass freeze, as the process will stop while frozen. I also save through the winter a hopper of strong ashes in the same way it is done for making soap.

When spring comes, if the bones are not dissolved sufficiently, I put the bones and ashes in a large kettle and then pour on lye leach from this hopper of ashes and boil them until they are eaten up. When done mix it with dry earth to make it better to handle. Put away in barrels until wanted. I have thus made a fertilizer that gave better results than commercial fertilizers for which I paid three dollars per hundred pounds. To dissolve bones in sulphuric acid is much the speediest process, but with this great care and caution must be observed, as the acid is very corrosive.—*Cor. Husbandman.*

## Microbes from Old Graves.

It is asserted that the efforts to abolish infectious diseases, such as scarlet fever and diphtheria, are frustrated by the burial of infected bodies, for though the microbes themselves may die their spores, or seeds, have very great vitality.

Pasteur's researches have proved that earthworms bring up to the surface microbes from the bodies of infected animals buried several feet deep. Darwin showed in one case that in fifteen years they had accumulated worm mold over three inches in depth, and in another case during eighty years had accumulated an average depth of more than a foot.

In a field in the Jura, where a diseased cow had been buried at a depth of nearly seven feet, Pasteur found that the mold which he collected two years later contained germs which on being inoculated into a guinea pig produced death from the same disorder of which the cow died.

In a Yorkshire village part of a diseased graveyard was taken into the rectory garden adjoining. On the earth being dug over scarlet fever broke out in the rectory nursery and thence spread over the village. It proved to be of the same type as that from which, thirty years before, the victims died who were buried in that particular part of the churchyard.

On the opening of a smallpox burying ground in Quebec, 150 years old, smallpox immediately broke out among the workmen.—*Youth's Companion.*

## The Fashionable Calling Card.

There is no more important factor in social life than the visiting card. According to the stern decrees of fashion, this bit of pasteboard plays a tyrant's part, and one might as well be dead as out of the fashion in visiting cards, to say nothing of other less important things.

This season the visiting card will be nearly square in shape, slightly smaller than those of last year; pure white, of a highly polished but not glazed surface; the name engraved in script through the middle of the card; the address in the lower right hand corner, and the day of receiving in the lower left hand corner.

The card should spell out the husband's given name in full and not give initials, and never include a title or profession. A daughter the first year of her going into society must have her name added on her mother's card. After that, if the eldest, she may have her own card, with Miss Jones or Miss De Puyster, as the case may be.—*New York Herald.*

## The Sweat of His Brow.

A Sebec young man has demonstrated what pluck and persistent work can do. On one of the streets of that village stands a good sized dwelling house, with L, shed and stable. The house is two stories, and the set of buildings is really nice in design and finish—one of the best in that place. This fact is remarkable, because it is all the work of a boy (now twenty years old), who has had no means to start with. He has performed nearly all the labor with his own hands in spare time. When his money for material ran short, he would work out and earn more, thus not running in debt for anything. He is unmarried, but the little wife, when he gets her, will have a home that ought to be famous as a monument of her young husband's forethought, thrift and industry.—*Bangor Commercial.*

## Curses and Chickens.

The old man had gone over to a neighbor's to find his wandering hens, and he was in such bad humor that his language was, to say the least, not polite.

"Don't swear so," pleaded the neighbor, a pious person. "Don't you know curses, like chickens, come home to roost?"

"Well," exclaimed the old man at the end of another string of emphasis, "if they are like my chickens they won't," and he used more language.—*Detroit Free Press.*

## She Had Forgotten.

A woman nonplussed the information bureau man at the railroad station in Portland, Or., some time ago by telling him she had forgotten her destination. He called off the names of a long list of stations, but she was unable to recognize the name of her place.

## Mountain Peasants in New York.

The mountaineer peasants of northern Italy and the Tyrol are unusual among the immigrants to this country, but one now and then encounters them upon the streets of New York, where they are easily recognized by their great stature, sturdy legs and shoulders, hard, sun-browned features and felt hats, creased in imitation of Kosuth's headgear, and ornamented with the scimitar like cock's feather. Their footgear, too, is distinctive, being coarse leagled boots, with pointed toes and high, tapering heels, such an article of apparel as it seems no man would dare venture out with in a region of difficult footing.—*Philadelphia Ledger.*

## One Sided Education.

Mr. Specks—It seems to me a college education makes men rather one sided.

Graduate—That's because they always pull on the same side. They ought to change their crews around once in awhile.—*Good News.*

## AYER'S Sarsaparilla

Your best remedy for Erysipelas, Catarrh Rheumatism, and Scrofula.

Salt-Rheum, Sore Eyes, Abscesses, Tumors, Running Sores, G-cure, Humors, Itch, A-nemia, Indigestion, Pimples, Blotches, A-and Carbuncles, Ringworm, Rashes, Impure Blood, Languidness, Dropsy, Liver Complaint, A-ll cured by

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From past history we cannot but expect the Cholera and La Grippe in our midst in the near future and in order that everybody may prepare themselves for the emergency and knowing that I cannot treat you personally I am having printed a correct and never failing formula for the prevention and cure of Cholera and another for the cure of La Grippe which I warrant to do the best work if used in time. In order that everybody may have a chance to get these formulas, I am having them printed in 500,000 lots, and on and after this date I will have one wrapped around every bottle of Burgoon's System Renovator that leaves my office or laboratory. Among the many hundreds that have been treated with these prescriptions I know of none that have died.

System Renovator is a compound of 19 different roots and herbs that work in harmony on the human system. I will put up \$1.00 that it has no equal as a family medicine. My capacity to-day is 100,000 bottles per month, and you will find it in every wholesale and retail drug store at \$1.00 per bottle, or 5 for \$5.00. Have your druggist get it for you, and take no other. I will refund you the money for every bottle that does not do as I say. It is the world's wonder and will be at the World's Fair in all its glory. I have cured 247 persons of tape worms in the last 4 months, and can show more cures of cancer, catarrh, scrofula and all blood diseases than all others.

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You will find in our establishment pleasing facial expressions in every department, and the following prices are what multiplies and cultivates custom for us:

We have a beautiful line of

Men's Suits, at \$5.00, \$7.00, \$9.00, \$10.00, \$12.00 and up to \$20.00.

Boys' Suits, at \$1.25, \$1.75, \$2.25, \$3.25, \$3.75, \$4.50 and up to \$7.00.

Overcoats for the millions!

We have a splendid line of

Men's Overcoats, at \$4.50, \$5.00, \$7.00, \$9.00, \$12.00 and up to \$18.00.

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## GENTLEMEN:

Why will you pay Exclusive Merchant Tailors Exorbitant Prices when you can visit Bolger Bros. and secure an inimitable fit at a saving of 33 per cent.

Why pay \$1.00 for a scarf when Bolger Bros. Small Profit System enables them to sell it for 50 cents. Consequently, when in need of anything in the line of Clothing, ready-made or made to your measure, Hats and Gentlemen's Furnishing Goods, patronize

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THE CLEANLINESS OF THE CINDERELLA LESSONS LABOR AND THEIR ECONOMY SAVES YOU MONEY. CALL AND SEE OUR STOVES.

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Everything kept neat and clean. Your patronage solicited.

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"Washburne's Best" leads the list; it's a dandy. Try it. We have in stock, "Our Best," "Straight," "Imperial," "N. W. Patent," "Pilgrim" and others.

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We have no oil wagon on the road but we deliver you a 5 gal. best 150° oil for 50 cents. Get our rates on oil by the barrel.

A FULL STOCK of goods in our line always on hand. Highest market price paid for country produce.

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Outing Cloth, 6½ cents, Sold before for 8 cents.

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Outing Cloth 12 cents, Sold before for 12½ cents.

Challie, 10 cents, Sold before for 12½ cents.

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Indigo Blue prints 6 cents per yard.

Men's Seersucker Coat and Vest at 65 cents, Sold before for \$1.00.

Men's and Boys' Outing Shirts At 19 cents apiece.

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